Two Essays of
LOVE
AND
MARRIAGE.

Being

A LETTER written by a Gentleman to his Friend, to dissuade him from Love.

And an ANSWER thereunto by another Gentleman.

Together with some Characters and other Passages of Wit.

Written by Private Gentlemen for recreation.

——Si quando grave aliquid cecini, [illegible] hoc lege, ne multa meditatum mendis [illegible]

London, Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, 1676.

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THE STATIONER To the READERS.

Gentl:

THese scattered Papers coming to my hands, I thought fit upon good Reasons, to communicate them to you. I might tell you they are delight-

full and ingenuous; but you will not take me for a competent Judge, being neither learned, nor indifferent. Laudat venales. *The truth is, my aim is as the Scots was for all your goods. And to please you, and profit my self, is the ambition and design of*

I

Your Servant.

H. B.

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To his honoured Friend on his being in love.

I.

True Friend,

BUt that I know *hereſie* is faſhionable, and *madneſſe* the time-Livery, thou wouldſt force me to no little wonder, which way poſſible thou ſhouldſt ſtumble into *Love*, be ſick and ſottiſh in *Love*, loſt as well to *reaſon* as good *company*, lockt up from all the World but thy own thoughts, and onely converſant with thy ſelf; yet

formerly pleasant and affa-
ble, desirous and desired o
Society, and one that I know
has lived no *Anchorite* upo
Earth; nor yet hast had thine
eyes tied up to any one face
but hast both viewd and dis-
courst with variety of *Beau-*
ties; nay, I dare say, not guil-
ty of the ignorance of more
yet that after so many *Anti-*
dotes, thou shouldst be s
far fallen from thy primitiv
goodness, as to lose thy sel
in *dotage*, and that dotage o
one *creature*, and that creatur
a *woman*, and call it *Love* too
really next to a miracle, is my
onely admiration. Prethe
do not miscall thy disease

and

and be sick of *lust*, and complain of Love; I can never believe that that noble passion can be the ruine of its subject; neither will I so much disparage it, as to make a *woman* its object. If there be love, tis to *Heaven*, Vertue, thy Countrey, Parents, Kindred, Friends, or what is of worth: but to the femall Sex, and in thy sense where sensuality cannot but have an interest, though licenc'd by an Ordinance, 'tis onely Love scandall'd, it being (to the pity of the poor passion I speak it) but concupiscense handsomly burnisht, or a carnall appetite speciously intitled.

tled. And therefore could I never win my judgement to affirm, that the moſt eager of ſinners were in love with ſin, but onely temptingly ſeduced to a vicious doting; they did rather erroneouſly affect, then truly love. But let me inquire into thy paſſion: what, is it from the paint of nature, thoſe beautifull flowers of red and white? methinks thou ſhouldſt as well be enamoured with thy Miſtris's picture as her body; for even that too is not excuſable from art, and may be the worſt drawn. *Frank*, he that marries for a face, marries for a year; 'tis not a Summer

ſince

since thy desires wrought as strongly upon Mistris *M. R.* as now on this, and may be on as good a cause; yet how soon did a little disease wither both her beauty, and thy love? and I hope thou hast not indented either with sickness or time for this. Canst thou be so prodigall of thy affection as to waste it on such incertainties? binde up thy self to love for an age, when the cause of that love may perish in a moneth? But I tell thee *Frank*, beauty is a Chimera, and has no being in nature: Every man makes his own Mistris, and just so much lustre do's he finde in

her, as first his fancy gives her. For I dare challenge thee to shew me but one face in the whole world, that all opinions will give in for beautifull; so that Lovers, as thou call'st them, are but in the number of Pagans; they but worship that Idoll which themselvs have made. May be thou wilt tell me of manners, carriage, and vertue; I am very glad to hear of it; but let not thy passion hang in thy eyes when thou look'st on them; for many of them, their gestures are but School-postures, and seem rather like a motion then a carriage. Consider that in

the preſence of their Servants they are on the Stage, and 'tis rather action then behaviour: it may be wert thou a peeper on them in their withdrawing rooms, thou wouldſt as much wiſh thine eyes cloſed then, as now open. For their vertues, as I will not diſallow the judgement of that reverend Doctor, That 'tis poſſible to finde ſome vertue in ſome women: ſo I cannot believe there is ſuch a grand ſtock of it in any of them, as to command any man out of his ſenſes for the love of it; but I ſuppoſe, as we more wonder to finde a Diamond on the ſhore then

on the rock: ſo but a ſpark of vertue in a woman, gets greater reverence then a bodied luſtre in the nobler Sex; for 'tis our humour to admire the more where we expect the leſs. The cauſe then of thy love is either from beauty or vertue; if from beauty, how wilt thou love her when ſhe is old? If from vertue, why doſt thou covet to lie with her? there needs not that low act of generation to the high commnnion of vertues; and I ſhould ſcarce take thee for a platonick Lover, to warm a bed with her. But ſhall I tell thee the cauſe? don't be afraid of truth then; thou

thou firſt loveſt her to ſatisfie thy luſt; and if thou after continue to lie with her, 'tis either for want of a better, or 'cauſe thou canſt not be rid of her. For I look on all the perfections in females but as ſo many encouragements to deſire; and that the beſt of women, like the beſt of ſallads, procure the ſtrongeſt appetite; and in truth 'tis the woman is affected, not this, the Sex being the ſubſtance, and the Miſtris but the ſhadow; or that the rule of thy affection, and this the inſtance. But then thou wilt be goring of me with that common goad

of objection, thy ſo much curioſity in choice, and rather my Lady then *Jone*. Prethee tell me, be thy appetite never ſo good, do's thy meat reliſh the worſe for being the cleanlier dreſt? I never knew that good cookery did turn the edge of a good ſtomack; and eſpecially if thou limiteſt thy fancy to one diſh, thou hadſt need to be both long in chooſing, and neat in dreſſing, as well to avoid nauſeating, as to continue provocation. Remember that July holds not all the year, nor youth all thy life; there is a December and Winter of age that attends on both; and that

that paſſion that in its Spring will take fire at any face, will in its Autumn be froſt at all; a bed-ridden palate is ſcarce ſenſible of ſauce, much leſs meat; not the beſt of weapons, how brisk and keen ſoever at the firſt, but after long uſing grows dull, and requires a whetting: ſo that this ſtudious culling of bed-fellows, argues but the ſerious contemplations of mortality, and is no more then a wiſe proviſion for futurity. Where *Frank* is your love then? Call'ſt thou that love, that ebs and flows with the blood? that is the brat of a goatiſh humour, meerly ſervient

ſervient to the body, and often dead before it? No, the eſſence of that paſſion is as pure and laſting as the ſoul it waits on; a ſacred Veſtall flame, perpetually torrid and unextinguiſhable; 'tis thy under-girdle love thats mortall, of flames groſs and tranſitory, which moving in a region lower then thy heart, prove rather flaſhes then ſteady fires. I know thou art no ſtranger to multitude of examples that have beene hotter then *Italians* in the chaſe of their games, and more frozen then *Scythians* after the taking it, that in the ſame year have been ready to

to die of contraries, both love and hate; and with the ſame eagerneſs ſtudied both a marriage and divorce; that have not more long'd to obtain, then having obtained, to deſert their hopes, and their loves periſh'd together, the fruition of one the expiration of the other. But may be thou wilt adde to thy other motive, that of wealth, ſhe's rich. Nay now I hear thee, and do ſo far allow thee to court the Lady for her fortune, as I would the Chambermaid for her Miſtris; but have a care of loving in earneſt, or letting in of love farther then thy tongue;

tongue; a ſigh or two in the preſence if thou wilt, but no ejaculations in private; remember a difference betwixt acting and ſuffering a paſſion, be nothing the ſadder though nothing the richer; like a good Souldier riſe not ſo repulſt from one Leaguer, but to retaine ſtrength enough preſently for another, that in a while thy ſoul will become face-proof, the later beauty the pellet of the former, till variety give the maſtery to thy judgment, & make thee a Catholick Servant, but no particular Lover. But thou wilt juſtifie yet farther; thou haſt a fortune of thine own,

own, and the weightineſs of that requires a partner in the managing it. I don't gainſay it; nay I am ſo much of thy ſide, that I think a wife in no caſe more allowable, then either for the getting or preſervation of an Eſtate. As, for thy love-marrying, I reckon it both the paradiſe and purgatory of fools. But yet this *Frank* is onely an Apologie for a wife, not love, and think me no enemy to marriage, but to the fondneſs of thy deſire; I would have thee get a wife, but not to loſe thy ſelf; to ſerve thy occaſions, but to maſter thy paſſions; ſo to love with reaſon,

ſon, as not to woe without ſenſe. Credit me, I do not at all think it to ſavour of impoſſibility, ſeriouſly to court and marry too, and yet uncing'd by any ſpark of love, though I cannot but acknowledge the temptations of the other Sex; for I reckon them amongſt their ſtudies: yet that reaſon, or the ſoul and gallantry of man, ſhould be baſely proſtituted to them, I ſhould as ſoon believe an Eagle to ſtoop at flies, or Divinity at toys. I conceive *Frank*, the neceſſity of thy marrying ſtreightens not thy judgement to this one Lady; I would have thee

thee to look on her as not without companions; and then if thou makeſt an unlucky caſt of it, thy fortune will have this comfort, thou art no loſer, though no winner. Prethee why ſhould not a woman be view'd with as little ardour as an handſome Statue? or what is the influence of fleſh, as to the eye, above that of marble? If thou comeſt into a ſpacious Gallery variouſly behung, thou canſt walk it round, look on this Picture and like it, then turn thy face and forget it in the beauty of another; there needing no more to the aſpect of a face,

then

then of Imagery, but onely the complacency of the beholder, and the commendation of the Authour. Women are a kinde of traffique too: If thou comeſt to a ſhop, ſeeſt a commodity and likeſt it, thou cheapen'ſt it; if thou bargaineſt, thou takeſt it, if not, to the next ſtanding, the Markets full and free. I tell thee 'tis an injury no leſs to nature then reaſon, to impale all perfection within the circuit of one creature. Now after all this, do I expect thou ſhouldſt bid me turn the Tables and play my ſelfe the queſtion, Was I never in love? Troth

Frank

Frank. I cannot excuſe my ſelfe from the vanities of youth, may be I have; but let me remember thee, I have had rattles and hobbi-horſes too in my daies, but I have left them, and now look on them and thy thoughts with the ſame diſdain. That Mariner that hath ſcaped a rock, may be a Pilot to the next paſſenger. 'Tis my faith now, that 'tis as poſſible to be ſick of the plague a year, as of love a day; and I doubt not, when time ſhall ripen both thy judgement and age, but thou wilt then ſit a moſt ſtrict judge upon thy ſelf, and think no cenſure too ſevere

to

to thy preſent follies, or charity too bountifull to the true advice of

Thy true Friend,

J. H.

II.

PRethee, dear Friend, do not burn *Diana*'s Temple onely to be talked of: Modern *wits* (like ſpirits of the lower *Region*) once conjured up, muſt be ſet on work, though of miſchief. I muſt confeſs thou ventureſt hard

on

on the *paradoxology* of thy brain, that dareſt enter the Liſts *Athanaſius-like*, *contra mundum*; diſputing that with thy *pen*, which the World from *Adam*, and thy ſelf by thy practice proveſt *undeniable*. What is ſaid in caſe of *Religion*, a little *Philoſophy* makes men *Atheiſts*, but enough confirms them in the *truth*, is true of thee in point of *love*; of which and its objects thou art no more competent a *Judg*, then a *Red-coat* is of a Moot-caſe. Did I not know that all *wonder* proceeded of *ignorance*, and that people moſt admire what they leaſt underſtand,

ſhould wonder at thy wonder, that a man of thy *parts* and *complexion*, and born of a Mother, ſhould call that *ſtumbling*, which is ſo graceſull and naturall a *motion*; fall out with Love and Women, yet by thy own *confeſſion*, underſtand neither. Thou turneſt *Andabate* and fighteſt blindfold, not knowing againſt whom, or for what. I prethee, Friend, what Countrey Girle has ſleighted thy *Madrigals*, and diſentertained thy affections, that thou quarrelleſt and fallſt at defiance with the whole Sex? He that ſaid all *Crecians* were liers, was himſelf a *Crecian*:

and

and thou condemneſt all Lovers as mad, yet art thy ſelf a Lover, and conſequently *mad*, or elſe more mad that thou art not a Lover. I never yet knew any deſpiſe *Monarchy*, but thoſe that could not be *Monarchs*. Every man in this is a *Huntſman*, who coming ſhort of the *Hare*, cries, *Hang her, 'tis dry meat*. Among the reſt of thy wonders, thou maiſt put this for one, that I who am unconcerned, ſhould at this diſtance take up the *cudgels* in defence of a friend, whom thou haſt laught into ſilence; but the proverb excuſes me, *He whom ſorrow makes dumb, deſerves double pity*. For my

my part, I must confess I love to *sleep in a whole skin*, and not to engage in anothers quarrell, unless he will lend me his *skull* to bear the blows: but this being the common cause, 'tis pity *truth* should be out-worded, and her innocence be suspected to want clearness, meerly for want of clearing. There is no man more unfit for this work then I, having been ever as *atheistical* in love as thy self; and so far from being an *Opponent* to thy *Thesis*, that I have ever been a noted *Assertor* of thy *Doctrine*, till *experience* reformed my judgment, and makes me look on

my former error with regret and diſdain. 'Tis ſo far from being a wonder to me, that one pleaſant, affable and ſociable, one that has view'd variety of *beauties*, ſhould fall in love with one *woman*, that I wonder how it could be otherwiſe: none being fitter for love then one ſo qualified; nor can any finde a *beſt*, that have not view'd all. That *Love per ſe* is the ruine of its ſubject, I deny; yet I allow it may be *accidentally* true, and be a *paſſion* not the leſs noble. And as I would not have it onely reſtrained to *woman* for its object: ſo I would not have them totally

excluded. And truly I am ſo far from believing that *Sex* not an object of love, that I can hardly admit of any beſides. That Love has ſeveral objects, as Heaven, Vertue, and the reſt which you reckon up, with many more, I deny not. But all they, as *oblique* objects, are ſo far from being *adæquate*, that they draw love in ſeverall *denominations*, as *piety*, *duty*, *friendſhip*, &c. And but that ſeriouſneſs would be thrown away on thee, and any thing here but *ſophiſtry* uſeleſs, I could tell thee from the learned, that *Love* is onely an *expanſion of the ſoul to its object*

which

which is, whatever is *attractive*: and that naturally *man* loves himself best and first, and all other things in *subordination* to himself; and that whatever is most like *man* in nature and habit; is the propereſt *object* of his love. Then 'twill follow (whether you will or no) that no object is ſo proper as *woman*. But thou'lt laugh at theſe old-faſhion'd grounds, and account them like *Harry's codpieces*. To abſtract *Love* from *ſenſuality* in a naturall ſenſe, is both impoſſible and needleſs, it deriving a greater influence from the ſenſitive ſoul, and being a paſſion from

which *bruits* are not exempt. Nay that very thing which you call *ſenſuality*, and will allow it to derive its *legitimation* onely from an Ordinance, may ſhew an ancienter *coat* then Ordinances; it being the onely way chalked out by *nature* for propagation and preſervation of every ſpecies. So that your *Epithites* and *Synonoma's* of concupiſcenſe and carnal appetite, &c. I attribute to the luxuriance of your fancy; and muſt tell you, we can eaſily give you and your ways the like *tearms* without the help of a *Sylva*. [illegible] your main *beſtancy* is, [illegible], are you *canſes* of love?

'Tis

Tis not bare *red* and *white* that are either cauſes of, or colours for it, but the *ſcituation* and *contexture* of both: I, never loved my Miſtris face, becauſe fair, but becauſe I liked it, and thereby thought it ſo, and I therefore thought it ſo, becauſe *hers*: ſo that ſhould *time* or *accident* (from which no face has a protection) alter the *complexion* in the eye, I'd retain the ſame *Idea* ſtill in mine. Next, for the Gentlemans *change* (with which you upbraid him) much may be pleaded in excuſe: for beſides the great delight in *variety*, I know no reaſon why, if a man finde

himself in an *errour*, he may not repent and take a new course. Nor may you call it *prodigality* of affection; he that grounds his love right, is above uncertainties, in regard the true cause of love, which is *sympathy*, cannot perish before its object. And because you say, *Beauty is a Chymæra, and every man a pigmation that carves to himself a Mistris*; will you from thence infer; that because all men do not think one face *beautifull*, no man should think any so? And I appeal to the *Synod* of *Divines*, whether for a Lover to choose his own Mistris, and love her, or court her,

her, be a piece of *ignorance* or *paganism*. Nor can you deny that *manners*, *carriage* and *vertue*, are incentives to love; and that these things are really visible in that Sex by any that look not through *spectacles* of *prejudice*. But he that has an ill sight dislikes all objects. Thou hast an *humour* in thine eyes, whereby thou canst not discern *action* from *behaviour*; I like it not the worse if acquired; no more then I do a good *Scholar* that speaks *Latine* by the *Grammar*. That there are *arcana imperii* among them, as well as us, is undeniable; for if all were as they appear, they would

would be rather *Angels* then *women*. 'Tis true, much *action* and *deceptio visus* is in both Sexes in point of Courtship, whereby they *reciprocally* draw their expectations to a height *unobtainable*, and succeeding *enjoyments* convince both Sexes of a *handsom* (but commonly an *equall*) *cheat*. I shall not onely allow of that Doctors charity, that held, *That 'tis possible some vertue may be found in some women:* but also shall experimentally adde, *That much vertue may be found in many*. 'Tis not for nothing that all vertues are *declined* by *Grammarians* with *hæc*, and fancied by Painters

in

in *female* ſhadows. Vertues, are like Diamonds, rare and ſmall; nor ſhould we eſteem them were they to be bought by the pound. I take *vertue* and *beauty* to be cauſes of affection; but I mean not by beauty the meer *ſuperficies* of a viſage, but the *ſymmetry* of parts; and he that grounds his affection rightly on that, findes a becoming *beauty*, even in old *age*. *Vertue* alſo I conceive a cauſe of *love*, and *love* a *motive* of *copulation*. Nor is generation for the communion of vertues, but *propagation* of *iſſue*; ſince 'tis an undoubted *law* of *nature*, that all creatures deſire and,

endeavour *perpetuation*. You call *luſt* the cauſe of *love*; 'tis true, if you take all *altitudes* by your own *Jacobs* ſtaff, 'tis ſo to you: ſo the *Wolf* conceives all creatures to eat *raw fleſh*, becauſe he do's. I cannot imagine ſuch a *ſtoical apathy* in men, unleſs in *Eutopia*, but that we do and may make that which you call *luſt*, a part of *love*. Nor is that paſſion it ſelf blameable, but *circumſtances* may make it ſo: for the *Stoicks* themſelves got children, and did not deny the being of deſires in men, but their domineering over Reaſon. Nor is it the work of a *wiſe* man to be without

without *passions*, but above them. Consider man as with a soul compounded of Will and Reason, the conquest of the *will* in this life, can be but by *synechdoche*; which being considered, it will follow, That men abstracted from desires of this nature, are rather to be *looked* for, then *found*. And for your *erratical love*, that is so planitary and unfixed, it shews its own weaknesse, but not your strength; though it be peripatetical, it makes not you a Philosopher; since *Love*, like *Sun-beams*, being diffused, are but faint: but contracted to one Object, are fervent and cale-

calefactory. *Wives* are not *Quelque chores*, in whom only *variety* breeds delight, but are ſolid food which never nauſeate ſound ſtomachs. For a man to love Vertue abſtracted from its ſubject, is to fancy a *Chymæra*; but Vertue in a woman is an undoubted *motive*. As to your ſimilitude of *Joane and my Lady*; take the whole Proverb; put in (*in the dark*) and you'r anſwered, 'Tis not want of difference, but due diſcerning; nor *is* ſhe as good, but *ſeems* ſo. The Cuckow once ſang better then the Nightingale; but remember who was Judge. Times ſwift motion, and

and youths tranſitorineis are *common places* in the beaten roads, where ever travelling *wit* baits and refreſhes himſelf in his *pilgrimage*. But yet *Deſires* being part of the *ſoul*, and ſo immortall, do not decay in age, but onely alter their motives and object. Nor is the world barren of examples of aged men, eagerly deſiring and performing rites of conjuncture with women. As for thoſe *changeable* and *quick-ſilver* minds which *love* and *loath* in a moment, 'tis their vice, and may give you this notion, *That as their love can ſo ſoon and eaſily change into diſdain:* ſo your preſent ſcorn

ſcorn may turn to a dotage on the like ground. And though perhaps you have not yet been in love, 'tis *communne malum* (ſince you will call it ſo) like the ſmall pox, *every one hath been, or muſt be troubled with it*; and bodies unacquainted with leſſer diſeaſes, are irrecoverably ſwallowed up of greater. Your wary advice to your friend, *to love with diſcretion*, I allow and commend; and for my part were I to love again, would not go a foot further then my *counterpart* ſhould meet me; but where I found reall love, I would ſcorne to be out-vied, being of *Alexander*

ander his resolution, *No creature should conquer me with love or hatred.* T'is not good to, play the Butcher with that naked Sex that have no arms but to imbrace with, nor Emprick-like, kill them by whole-sale. I never yet met any of either Sex good at the sport, but at last they met with a requitall. 'Tis within the memory of man since a pregnant Spark furnished with two of your Cardinall Vertues, *wit* and *disdain*, flung his *fire-balls* of *contempt* on the whole Sex, courted some into *dotage*, and then *jeered* 'um; who at last fell foul on a Kitchin-wench, and doated,

doated, who repayed him with the ſame devices; and which was worſt, at laſt in deſpight married him. *Homicida* is of both Genders, and belongs to both Sexes. Your other points of marrying for wealth and yoke-fellowſhip, I ſhall agree to with ſilence. But I would not make wealth my Miſtris's Maſter, while *woman* ſtands by like the *Chamber-maid* with a *broom* to attend her. Let my Miſtris be a *figure*, and her portion the *Cyphers*; which added to her, advance her much, but of themſelves ſignifie nothing. *Paſſionate Courtſhip* ſhould, but cannot, be avoided

avoided by all; every one is not *Hercules*: but diſſimulation may and muſt be ſhun'd by all. There is no Souldier, beleaguers a Gariſon, but with hopes to come off *untouched*: no Lover attempts a Miſtris, but hopes for fruition without *bloudſhed*; yet the Souldier may receive a *ſhot*, and the Woer a *repulſe*; and that which he intends for a ſin, oft proves a puniſhment. He that lives a *Catholick* Woer, may at laſt come to the *purgatory* of a generall contempt. But methinks (Friend) you wheel about and approve that which at firſt you decried; there might be

beſome hopes of agreement and *hand-ſhaking* between us. Allow *love* and *marriage* and I will joyn with thee againſt dotage; and would have Love ſequeſtred from dotage, as much as thy minde from this *obſtinacy*. But I ſee the Devil has alwais a cloven foot; you would now allow of *marriage* without *love*, and confound love and dotage, as if the ſame. To wed without love, is to be tied by the loyns like a *Monkey* to a *bed-poſt*; neither is it poſſible to court or marry without love, as you write, for that want of love turns courtſhip to *flattery*, and marriage to a *bargain*.

bargain. That Women are Natures *Errata*, with *Ariſtotle* I acknowledge; and that they ſtudy temptations, is undoubtedly true: but yet that they do it not alone, your own example proves; who by this fancy of *Anti-womaniſm* tempt the Sex ſo much, that I could wiſh my ſelf one to dote on thee. Do not call the lawfull and neceſſary *intermixture* of both Sexes to be a baſe proſtitution of the Reaſon, Soul, and Gallantry of a man; 'tis ſo falſe and groundleſs, it deſerves no anſwer but the *lye*. Let thy friend alone with his choice, and if he think her

ſo,

ſo, ſhe is *pieceleſs*; only I admit your Caution, *While he ſeeks to win her, let him not loſe himſelf; nor ſhoot away all his ſhot at one volley, but keep a reſerve for a freſh encounter*; 'tis but diſcretion. And now to anſwer your ſimilitudinary Queſtion, Why a woman cannot be viewed with as little ardour as a Statue? it is *becauſe a Statue is not a Woman, nor directly like a Woman*; if it could be, *Pigmation* will tell you there may be like affection, nor is the influence different as to the eye, but the power that actuates it; if a man view a thouſand Pictures, he generally likes one beſt,

beſt, and having peruſed all, returns to that; and though the Market be free, and Wares various, a good Chapman ſticks to what he beſt fancies, and deals in it. Neither is all perfection thereby impaled in one Creature; but there may be enough ſuppoſed in one, to content one. *That your ſelf hath ever loved*, I queſtion; but that you have *fancied*, and *miſt*, may be true; but you cannot thereby go out a cometetent *Tutor*. Nor ſhould I ever take that *Mariner* for my Pilot, who hath no other experience then *ſplitting his own ſhip*; firſt guide your

own

own *Veſſell* to the *Port*, before you take another to your management and ſteerage. What it is to be ſick of Love or the Plague, you know much aljke, and ſo ſhall be believed, having ſtudied both but in ſhape; for my part, I have knowne many ſick of Love, and yet recovered; but the Plague I have no skill in. My deſire is, that you participate of your own *counſell*; ſuſpend your ſevere cenſure to your friend, and ſit firſt a ſtrict Judge on your ſelf, till *time* and *experience* ripen your judgement and change your minde. Which I hope I ſhall not longer expect, then

then untill you have ſeriouſly peruſed and weighed the experimentall directions and wholſome advice of,

Thine, and thy

Friends Friend.

A. B.

A

A Letter to a Friend, delivering an Opinion concerning the *Scotch* Riſing.

SIR,

THat you may receive an account of the *Scotch* buſineſs, and that there hath been ſuch irreſolute alteration about the *Treaties* lately, 'tis fit you know this *Northern* ſtorm, like a new Diſeaſe, hath ſo far poſed the *Doctors* of State, that as yet they have not given it a name; though perchance they all firmly

firmly believe it to be *rebellion*; and therefore, Sir, it is no wonder if these do here as the learned in *Physick*, who when they know not certainly the grief, prescribe Medicines sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak. The truth is, we here judge concerning the *Scotch* Affaires much after the rate as *Mortals* do of the *Moon*; the simple think it no bigger then a bushell, and some likewise think it a vast World, with strange things undiscovered in it; two ill waies of casting it up; sure the first will make us too *secure*; the other too *fearfull*. I confess I know not

how to write in the *middle*
and set it right; nor do
think you know; since
should believe the question
rather to be, A *King* or no
King? then A *Bishop* or no
Bishop? In great mutinies
and insurrections of this na-
ture, pretences speciously
conscionable were never
wanting; and indeed they
are necessary; for *rebellion*
is of it self so ugly, that did
it not put on the vizard of
Religion, it would *affright* ra-
ther then *draw* people unto
it; and being *drawn*, could
not hold them without it. *Imaginary cords* that seem to
fasten man to Heaven, have

tied

ed things here below faster
en any other obligation. If
be *liberty of conscience* they
t; it is a foolish request,
eing they have it already,
d must have in despight of
ower. For as *Theodoret* saith
the *Jews*, *Nemo cogitur cre-*
re invitus. If they exercise
at *liberty*, 'tis dangerous;
not three men are of the
me *opinion* in all; and then
ch Family must have a
ar within it self. Look up-
the long Preparations, and
nsider withall that *Prophe-*
s are ceased; and therefore
ey could not foretell this
ok should be sent to them,
d you will conclude they

rather imploy'd *conscien*
then *conscience* them. Inqui
after the *Leaders*, and yo
will hardly finde them *Ap*
stles, or men of so high sa
ctity, that they should ord
Religion; *Lesley* himself if h
fore were searched, woul
certainly be found one, wh
because he could not li
well there, took up a trad
of *killing men* abroad; an
now is return'd to kill me
at home. If you will hav
my opinion, I think the
quarrell to the *King* is th
same they have to the *Sa*
that he doth not warm the
so much, nor visit them
oft as he doth others. *Ge*

nd *Nature* placed them in
e ſhade, and they are an-
ry with the *King* for it: To
onclude, this is the *caſe*;
he great and wiſe Husband-
an hath placed theſe *Beaſts*
out-fields, and they would
eeds break *hedges* to come
to the *Garden*. This is the
elief of

Yours,

J. S.

A Whore

Is one of *Sampſon's* Foxes that carries fire in the tail to deſtroy the ſtanding corn. She goes under the name of a decayed Gentlewoman and indeed ſhe is gentle enough, a half Crown will make her come to hand. The Devil and ſhe are co-partners in undoing, for one ſpoiles the body, the other the ſoul. Turn-up ſhe affects above all roots in the Garden. She cares not for the *Bridewell*, having lain often at the com-

mon

mon Ward. Her walk is *Covent-Garden*; and her Exchange a Tavern. He that goes to salute her, is deceived, for she is very coy of her lips, and therefore bulwarks them about with paint. Her breath stinkes worse then a Bear-garden; her furniture consists of a Playster-box, a Periwig, and a Looking-glass; besides a Pimp, which she accounts one of her necessary implements. She is a Sho-Bias, and can say, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* She is a preservative against a hard frost; and a Regiment of them will beggar *Newcastle*; for they carry

fire about them. Her children, if any, are like windfalls, and found in the Kings high-way. She is not ambitious, but delights in fallings; yet by her falling her Stallions rise. She is a hackney Jade, and lets every foole ride her; a Barbers chaire, as soon as one is out, another is in. She is a very Butcher, and sells her flesh by the stone; one may buy her a-whole at the price of damnation. She is like a Medlar, never ripe till rotten; like Camomile, she thrives the better the more she is trod. About thirty she is in her Zenith, and then from thence

ſhe declines; for the pox, or rotten teeth, &c. will write her ſtale, or ugly, and trading will decay; and then her only preferment is the degree of a Bawd, where three Strong-water bottles, an ounce of Tobacco, and two Countrey Wenches, ſets her up; and ſhe drives a trade till *Shrove-tueſday*; and a Cart and a bunch of Turnips is the reward of her labours; and the *Bridewell* the limbo of both body and bones.

A Patentee

WAs sometimes a Gentleman of Fortunes, but being cast over-board by his own riot or folly, layes hold of the next thing he meets with. He is begot like a Mule, between a Courtier and a Citizen, but turns Parricide to both. No aire nips him so much as a West winde coming from the Parliament-House, for that brings him to the Falling-sickness; the Republique and his re-private never are in con junction; but like

like *Castor* and *Pollux*, when one sets the other riseth. He is an excellent Alchymist, and can draw Gold out of Sope, Candles, and Marrow-bones, and what not? Nothing angers him so much as the sound of a Reformation; for then he is projecting to procure a Patent to hang himself. Like a Louce, he shrowds on the shoulders of Greatness; for that is his main protection. All honest men shun his company, and he theirs; in which regard you may call him a Separatist. His walk is *Westminster-hall*, or the *Court*, with his handfull of Papers, because he would

would be taken for a man of note. The Monopoliſt and he, like *Hippocrates* twins, both live and die together. In his chamber his Glaſs and he are in a deep conſultation, how to ſet his face that it may go even with the times; like a Watch, whereof his tongue is the Alarum. His pretences are faire, for the benefit and eaſe of the Subject; To reform ſome grievance (meaning his own poverty;) to increaſe Trade, (meaning of Patentees) and to prevent diſorders; to which he rather adds a ſaile then a ballaſt. He has little skill in the Law, but onely in the penall Statutes,

tutes, and that in a defensive way to play the knave in a circle, and yet keep out of their bounds to prevent hanging: and less in the Gospel, unless to fish by *Peter*'s example, for such fish as have Money in their mouths. His Religion is commonly but skin-deep, it may appear in his countenance, but it never comes near his heart; 'tis writ upon changeable Taffata, for good and lawfull considerations; his Religion and his Practice make him like the new invented Pictures, one way an Angel, another way a Devil. All his life is a continued *Cataline*'s Conspiracy;

racy; he and the Commonwealth are like two feet, if one rise, the other falls; if both chance to rise together, 'tis but a leap, that the fall may be the greater. He feeds upon new Projects; his drink is the tears of the poor Labourers; and commonly his Livery is the ruine of some Corporation. His disease lies in his ears, for he is commonly infected with a Pillory; which at last comes into his neck, and *Tiburne* ends him; where his onely glory is, that he died for the Commonwealths good.

A Politick

IS one that makes Heaven bow to Earth; he placeth his *ſummum bonum* in Earths felicity, and depends on no other Providence but the reach of his own brain. His Religion is but the vizard of his policy; and whatever vertue he has, craft is the keeper of it. His looks are candid, and hypocriſie is the onely Saint he adores. All his diſcourſes are obſcure and ambiguous; like the Devils in the *Delphick* Oracle;

you

you may understand the words, but not the meaning. He is like an Aspen-tree, every winde of Greatnesse blowes him, and he bends. Is his Prince valourous? he is daring; covetous? he is sparing; lascivious? he is wanton; religious? he pretends much; his heart is a Theatre, wherein all humours are presented, and his face pantomimicall. He is of that mans Religion, with whom he talks; a *Cæsarean*, a *Pompeian*, which soever prevails; he'l cry, *Up with them*, and, *Down with them*, all in a breath. Like a Water-man, he looks one way and rowes another;

another; or like a Lapwing, keeps moſt noiſe when ſhe is fartheſt from her neſt; or a cunning Fencer, that ſeldom makes a blow without a falſifie; fuller of Queſtions then Anſwers; rather deſiring to know anothers ſecrets, then bewray his own. Pleaſures he is not much delighted in, but onely like the Dog at *Nilus*, laps as he runs, for fear of the Crocodile. Every one that he deals with, he ſuppoſeth hath the Maſter-reach in cunning; and therefore ſtill carries both eyes open. His ſight is ſtrong enough to apprehend dangers in *Embrio*, and ſo quells them before

ſhape

ſhape or form make them terrible. If a Contract blow favourably, he hoiſeth ſailes, and with it ſteers his Voyage; if a croſs gale comes to his main under-ground Deſign, he thruſts out the Oars of fair Pretences through the Port-holes of his conſcience. He would be accounted every mans friend, that he might know his ſecrets. All his actions are tipped with fair Pretences, yet are directed to himſelf; and therefore looks no higher. Whatever his Theam be, his Application is his own ends: yet he is often contented to do any cheap courteſies; and makes himſelf

himself very joyfull and happy in an opportunity, so as he be sure to be no loser by it. His cap and knee, his smiles and good words, are all at a minutes warning, to be dealt about on all occasions. In a word, he is one that loves no man, but with a reservation; nor will trust any; nor indeed any wise man him, farther then he sees him.

A Clubber

IS a Hogs-head ſet on two ſtumps, fit for no uſe but to hold Liquor, the Tavern only is his *ubi* and the proper place of his reſidence; any other where he is like a Fiſh out of the water, who doth nothing but gape. He thinks Nature gave him a mouth, not to ſpeak, but to drink off his Liquor, for that is the main uſe he puts it to; he drinks not to live (as Nature commands) but lives to drink. Of all the Miracles

that

that ever Christ did, he thinks none so meritorious for the salvation of his soul, as the turning water into Wine; and he in imitation can work a miracle too; for he can turn a whole Shop of Wares into a Pint-pot. His onely enquiry is, where dwells the best Sack or Claret? You shall finde him and his Tribe about the declining part of the day, at rendezvous, like a Constellation fixt in the lower Region of a known Tavern; where their noses appear like Comets, and portend drought; there they are accommodated with a private Room, a half-Pint, some clean

clean Pipes, and a Jordan. Their first Discourse is a generall Vote about the goodness of the Wine; the next paire of half-Pints produces News; where each puffs over the inside of a Diurnal; but for want of that, the main Scene is, who were drunk the night before, and how they reel'd home. They are internally *Pharisees*, and very exact in making clean the inside of the Glass; their strictest Criticisme is, *Drink off your Cup*. At last, when it strikes twelve, they make a liquor'd Reckoning, drink their Wives Health, in whose defence they are dutifully drunk,

drunk, till they lose their owne; and then they stagger home to bed, and sleepe it in small beer in the morning.

A politick Citizen

IS a lump of *combustible ignorance*, whom the least spark of newes fires into a *blaze* of unlikely conjectures; he measures all the designs of Foraign News by the line of *Stow's Chronicle*; which he never hears read, but out-lies a piece of *nonsense*, which he miscalls State-policy, able to confound

confound *Machiavel*. He much haunts the *Posthouse* to note into what forms men concoct their faces at the reading of Letters; he frequents the *Exchange* in the *Postmeridian* hours, because then men empty themselves of intelligence; his only factorage is *news*; viewing a Bill of *Exchange*, he swears 'tis a *Libell*. Tell him of a *Currante* and he's in Heaven; he takes an *Almanack* of foul weather for one of *Merlin's* Prophesies. Upon hearing of a Victory, or loss of a *Sconce*, he is enraged, and blames the State that he was not a *Generall*; he extolls the *Low-Countries* Government

Government above any *Monarchy*, because the fat *Citizens* rule the roast; he holds it impossible for the State ever to be ruined, because it swims in *Butter*. His face is a piece of *Stenography*, where all *Richelieus* designs are writ in *short-hand*. He keeps a common *place-book* of hard State-words, which though nor he nor his *English Dictionary* understand, he after an *Aldermans* Plumb-broth Feast shews out among the learned fraternity; and is therefore slander'd with the name of a *Politician*, and he turns *Heretick* and believes it; for they had rather ignorantly admire

his ſpeeches, then go to the price of *underſtanding* them. All the paſſages he hears are *Stratagems*; if he heard but a Ballad, he ſmells *Treaſon* in it; he cannot endure *Plays*, becauſe there are *Plots* in them; ask him a queſtion, you *undermine* him; anſwer him with ſilence, he takes you for a *State Informer*; he tells news by *tale*, not by *weight*. There is no way to ſtrike him dumb but drawing out your *Table-Book*; every man is a *fool* that is not of his *opinion*; but he takes him for an undoubted wiſe man that applauds his *conjectures*; he ſeldome approves any thing that he under-

understands, and yet he approves most things; he meditates on an old *Manuscript* more than the *Text*; he teaches; he wonders why the *Apocalypse* is put in the end of the Bible, and thinks it a disgrace; he takes *Brightman* for a better Interpreter than *Daniel*; he cuts the *Apocrypha* out of his Bible, for fear of infection; yet cannot tell why he hates it, but because 'tis *Apocrypha*; and thinks *Solomon* but a fool in suffering his wisdom to be put there. *Monarchy* he cannot abide, but says 'tis against *Christian Liberty*; but thinks *Anarchy* is as old as the *Chaos*. He takes *Malchus*'s Servant

to be a Saint, because he had his ear cut; yet thinks him not right of his opinion, because he had one left. He takes *Peter* for a Popish *Bishop*, because he cut off that ear. Where ere the Scripture say *strive*, he takes it for *fighting*; that makes him so in love with *Civill War*. Among his Superiours he is *dumb*; to his inferiours *deaf*; the one he offends by *silence*, the other by *prating*; to both he is *ridiculous*. In a word, he is the State *Incendiary*, the Citie *baine*, and Kings *evil*.

A Schismatick.

HE is one of those rash Servants that will not let the *Wheat* and the *Tares* grow together; but crops off his *haire*, or rather weeds it up, lest it should hinder the growth of his *ears*, that when the harvest of *tribulation* comes, they may be reaped by handfulls *for good Considerations*. He thinks impossible to be saved if ones haire transcends his teeth in longitude. He is in the head an *Hermaphbridite*, between a Frier and a *Turk*, the one

shaves round the *head*, the other the *crown*, he both; he hopes to be pulled up to Heaven by the *ears*, like a *pitcher*. He is a Papist turn'd the wrong side outwards, and so strongly denies their *tenets*, that he grants their *maxims*; his *Religion* and theirs run round in a circle till they meet. He is fallen out with *Learning* so, that he thinks *ignorance* his main *saving grace*; and would be content to speak no Language but sanctified *Bulls*, but that the Pope useth them; he stands much for *Christian liberty*, yet will tie all men from the use of *ceremonies*; *free-will* he cries

cries down in a *Papist*, yet maintains that a *Protestant* may do what he please. All his discourse is the *sand* of zeal bound together without the *lime* of *reason*; for he calls that *humane Traditions*, and protests the Brethren do not use it. You cannot vex him more, then to tell him his soul is *Gods Image*; for he hates *idolatry*. To speak *Languages* (he saith) is to glory in the *confusion* of *Babel*; and to talk *sense*, is to advance *carnall reason* above the Spirit. He wears his soul, as a *Gallant* that has put on his *Periwig* the back part foremost; for whereas his *will* should be

judicious, his *judgement* is *wilfull*. He flies *humane Learning* as from a *Serpent*; three words of *Latine* will give him nine *stools*. His knowledge, how small soever, never sinks into his heart, but only swims in his *brain*; standing bare at a *Sermon* makes his *Zeal*-catch cold, and that brings *snuffling* in the nose. He is one of the *Attorneys* of *Devers* Court; and can with more patience *talk* five hours, then *hear* one. In company he is excellent *Physick*; for he will either purge your *gall* with *anger*, or your *spleen* with *laughter*. Against every *new meeting*, he takes in store of *new Argu-*

ments to maintain ſome *new-fangled* opinion; which when he vents, his *proſelytes* are raviſh'd with *admiration*, and thinke him *inſpired* with ſtrange revelations, that he can ſpeake *Engliſh* and they not *underſtand* him. He will *croſs* the *Kings* High-way rather then view a *Croſs* there. *Ariſtotle* was never ſo corrupted with *Dutch* Comments, as the Scripture is with his; his brain is like the *puddle* at *Oxford*, into which *Ariſtotle's* Well diſchannels it ſelf, and becomes ſtinking water. When he takes a *Biſhop* in his mouth, 'tis in that ſenſe as a *Wolf* takes a *Lamb*; not *rard ri*,

but *simpliciter*. Tell him of a *High Commission*, and he holds his ears, and says there is a *mystery* in that Posture. Set but his *zeal* on fire, and it will flame, though it smother a Kingdome; the only way to confute him is *silence* or *laughter*. He is all for *Independant* Church Government, yet wishes all the *Orthodox* Clergie hang'd. He holds a *Stable* as holy as a *Church*; but holds a *Chamber* holier then both, if it be well furnished; that is, with a *Bed* and a *Sister*; and then he cares not how long he *stands*. He that would draw the character of his *Religion*, had

need

need have a Map of all the *Earth*, and of *Hell* too, where his Principles are deeply rooted. He will not believe that *Christ* ever descended into *Hell*, but intends to take a Journey thither himself to dispute with the *Devil*. There let him go for me.

A

A Gallant.

IS one that Nature made while the World was in a *Chaos*, and therefore deteſts order *ab origine*. He dares uſe his *tongue* againſt Heaven; but ſcarce his hands againſt a *Butterfly*. Is he ſober? his care is how to be *drunk*; is he *drunk*? his next task is how to ſhift the *reckoning*. All his Diſcourſes are butter'd with *Oaths*, which he uſes *Euphoniæ gratiâ*. He has worn out all his friends, but the Hangman; and all his *Apparell*, but his

his *Sword*; which he hacks ſometimes againſt a *Mantle-poſt*, and ſwears he has been in a deſperate encounter; coming from a *Bawdy-houſe*, he ſwears he has been in hot ſervice, though his courage be ſoon taken down. Two *French* poſtures he has naturally, *viz.* to have his *Flanks* and his *haire* fall off; which laſt defect he ſupplies with the mercenary *Auxiliaries*, a *Periwig*. His face ſpeaks him no true Subject, becauſe of its frequent *riſings*; to which Rebels his *noſe* is *Standard-bearer*, and carries the *colours*. His common Notion or *Title-page* is a *Low-country Souldier*;

under which vizard he boasts of Victories and Adventures which he heard discourſed of at the laſt Tavern. He ſets his *faith* to ſale, and cries, Who will give moſt? His *Loyalty* laſts no longer then his *Money*. His threats are like *Thunder-claps*, or the motions of *Mountains*; and if a blow be brought forth, 'tis like a *Mouſe*; in the midſt of his fury, if you care not for his menaces, nor fear his blows, he will ſhake hands with you. 'Twere fearfull if his *valour* were as great as his *wickedneſs*; or if his *power* echoed his *will*. Though he be an *Infidell* himſelf, he would

would have others *believe* his Oaths when he promiſeth payment. You cannot do him a greater diſcourteſie, then to make his *Chyrurgeon* drunk, for then he bewrays his *ſecrets*. He keeps good quarter with his *Landreſs*, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover the ſpots of his *converſation*. The firſt thing he does in morning, is to bid a *Pox* take thoſe *Fleas* that bit him at night; which is ſure to be granted; and the laſt thing he doth at night, is to curſe the *Gentleman* that *cudgell'd* him that day. In the morning, imitating the Sun immediately after his riſe, he paſſes into an

Ale-

Ale-house; or if he can get one to spend for him, to a *Tavern*; so passes from *signe* to *signe*, through a whole *Zodiack* in a day, till he comes to *Aquarius*; and then goes by *water* to a *Bawdy-house*, and comes out by *fire*. He believes there is no Signe of *Virgo* left in the World. In the end you shall finde him kick'd by his Companions for having no Money about him, which he swears is in his other *pockets*, when as he has but only one Suit; and that is threadbare before the Taylor is paid. Thus when he has gone his *round*, and been *abused* by his Companions

ons, for abusing them, he reels into the mouths of the *Watch*, and from thence is rowled into the *Counter*; where to his credit, many great Actions are imputed to him.

A

A Ballad-maker.

IS a Volume of *Rime* composed by the hand of *nonsense*; or a *musicall* Instrument, not yet *tun'd*. An *Alehouse* he accounts the only *Helicon*; and the *Ale-drapers* Wife one of the nine *Muses*. His *wit* runs thick or clear, like the *Ale-barrell*. He is a second *Charon*; for none are wafted over by the way of *Tiburn*, but he receives money for their passage. He exceedingly longs for blazing *Stars*, Earthquakes, Dearths, or strange

strange accidents. The Brethren keep constant correspondency with him, that he may compose their Libels into Metre; and being whipt or Pillory'd for it, he rejoyceth, saying that he suffers for the truth. His Companions call him Poet at every word, but 'tis in a jeer; and being patient to bear all slanders, believes it, and bears it. Call him Goose or Woodcock, he is enraged; but yet had rather eat your words, then you should. He is sensible of no Argument but beating; and that alone drives him out of your company. He is in pay by the Countrey Wenches,

Wenches, to write *Love Stories* to lamentable *Tunes*, which they sing to the *Cows*, and make them weep *milky* tears to hear them. His common Vaticans where his Books are preserved, are the windows and walls of an *Alehouse* in the Countrey. He like the Emblematists, is beholden to an Engraver; but only his Wood-carver hath certain common Places; a *man* and a *woman* serve like *Pantharmacons*, for all occasions. He is a dutifull Son of the *Church*, and loves no innovations in *Musicks*; but they go like *Hopkins* and *Wisdom*, to the Tune of the same.

He

He is in no better *cue* to write a lamentable Story, then when he is *Mawdlen-drunk*; his brain is the common-shore of *Poetry*; the streams which he sucks from *Poets*, he defiles with the muddy stinking puddles of his Additions. There is many a man is made a *Martyr* by his Elegies; wherein his *Encomiasticks* persecute the very ashes, and *hypocritically* tear the dead body of *Hercules* with a smiling countenance. In a word, he is the *Suburbs* of a *Poet*; whose Sepulchre is the *Stocks*; and his Monument a *Pillory*.

The

The Character of a self-conceited Fellow.

HE is, I dare not say a Man, nor Boy; but in the Parenthesis of both; yet he thinks onely a beard is wanting to proclaim his manhood; because he has taken up Womens Smocks; he writes *sumptâ virili togâ*, when indeed his wit is hardly out of the *clouts*. He is an *Ape*, that imitates both; but wanting the wit of the one, acts naturally the folly of the other. He thinks himself of deep

deep judgement, yet has nothing deep about him, but the pits of his nose; which makes him boast of hills and dales in his own possession. He affects two contraries; for he will be a laughing-stock to good company, where his highest ambition is to be told he talks like an *Apothecary*; or else is the *Bell-weather* of children, fools, or *Frenchmen*; who have neither *English* enough to reprove his nonsense, nor to approve his *no-wit*; but pass it over for jests by ignorant laughter. He is an *ignis fatuus* to mislead fools by a shining nothing that is in him

or a blazing Star placed in the lower Regions of a *Tavern*; and a Cup in his brain portends the birth of some prodigious Conceit. To ingratiate himself into good company, he keeps constantly in pay a *Regiment* of jests and hard words, to salute their ears with a volley of nonsense; which if they be not grac'd with laughter, he is non-suited. But being disroabed of this store, he whispers them of a Wench; and rather then want imployment, will turn Pimp. You cannot please him unless you praise him; nor praise him, unless you flatter him. It is his

his *summum bonum* to move laughter; and if his *jests* will not doit, his *gesture* must; if neither, you may laugh at the Jestor. He most commonly procures friendship with some *wit*, whom he enjoyns to be the foreman in the peale of laughter; who both to his face, and behind his back, laughs at him. Much he affects to speak some Foraigne Language, because in all his Discourse he would over-reach the *capacity* of an *Englishman*. He whispers *How d'you*, as if 'twere Treason, in the ears of any new acquaintance, to make others thinke he is privie to

their ſecrets. He alwaies detracts from other mens worth behind their backs; as if he knew by inſtinct others diſpraiſed him; and it goes hard if a man wears any clothes, but he will pick a hole in his coat. He hath not exchanged two words with Nature in loud (I had almoſt ſaid ſince he was of underſtanding) becauſe ſhe made him ſo low, that he cannot overlook other mens actions; but to help this defect, he hath gotten the faculty of taking the wall of his betters; having nothing in himſelf worth this knowledge, he ſcorns *noſcere ſeipſum*. The *thing* is ſome-

times

times Poeticall wherein he casts up his ignorance to make it seem of high account; he writes like the *Egyptian darkness*, wherein he shews cunning; for when men laugh at his Verses, he may say they laugh at they know not what; and can boast of more then any Modern *Poet*, that he writes above humane apprehension. He carries such a deep conceit of his own *conceits*, that he thinks no man worthy to understand them; nay he is such a nigard, that he grudgeth himself the benefit. The Subject of his Fancy is himself; wherein he truly

shews himself *poeticall*, if Fictions can do. He misliketh every man after the first acquaintance; nay grows weary of his native Countrey, and will travell; and his actions and carriage therein, no tongue can express but his own, for he may lie by Authority. Himself is gone beyond the limits of my Paper, where my Pen nor can nor will follow him.

The Character of a City Wit.

HE is a gaudy *Vacuum*, gilded over with a few hard words, which he imagines to have a deep meaning, because his dull sense cannot dive into it; which with much pains he has weeded from Authors, and placed in Garison in a *common place-book*, that he might draw out a Regiment of Recruits when his wit is routed. His Discourse is a Line of Sand, or a composition of so

many *foot* and *half-words*, which being put together, ſpell *non-ſenſe*. He admits not a word into his Society, under the degree of a *Tetraſilable*; and takes all Diſcourſe by meaſure, not weight. He were the only man to be *Minſhew's* Son, and compoſe another *Dictionary* of hard words, had he but wit enough to ſpell them, or learning to tell their *ſignification*. Yet he thinks his noſe a *Jacobs Staff*, able to calculate the height of any mans fancy. By his tedious Diſcourſes of *Herauldry*, he would make you believe he were a Gentleman. And to

gain Honour, he dares be a Souldier; and hath taken up Arms on his *Signet*, for defence of his little finger; but intends only to fight by the *Heraulds* Book, where his valour will be seen by the miserable hanging, drawing, and quartering of his innocent *Coat*. He had been preferred to a *Trumpeters* place, but that he could sound no Alarm, but his own praise. Had he but Poetry, he would out-vaper *Ben*; but he'l not speak a Verse, lest they should be taken for children of his own begetting, and known by their *long legs*. Besides his speeches are so masterless,

they think it againſt the Liberty of the Subject to be chained in a Verſe. In his Arguments his Solutions are more intricate then the Queſtion; and that man needs a deep reach that would define his definition. After many *Pleonaſmes* and *Circumlocutions*, he is delivered at length of a *non-ſequitur*; yet makes no *Concluſion*, for his Diſcourſe is endleſs. You may be ſick of a *Conſumption*, and cured before he hath finiſhed a *Complement*; and 'tis a wonder if the *Palſey* in his tongue procure not the *frenzie* in his head. *Shews* he prefers before *ſubſtance*; and eſteems an *Alchoran*

choran in Folio before a pocket *Bible*. He useth much to discommend himself; which we must interpret as a praise, the clean contrary way; yet rather then lose a drop of his praise, he will lick it up with his own tongue. The way to gain his favour, is neither to understand him, nor be understood by him; he will then applaud the depth of your judgement; for it is his property to think nothing *deep*, unless it be *muddy*. He accounts no man rich in wit, that does not *gingle* with it in every fooles company; he thinks not that a mans Warehouse may be full, whose

Shop is empty; and a Fountain of Learning in that head, where there is no channell in the tongue. He would fain be a *Philosopher*, for he is very *peripatetical*; and because his wit is bald, he Periwigs it with stolne *Comings*, which he calls his own, because he bought them, and saith he studied hard for them; but it was onely to remember them; and if by chance any word do put out his head in company, and is not conceived, he'l swear 'tis an *admirable conceit*. Because he is tall, he thinks his fancy is predominant, and therefore is apt to insult over any short man,

man, though he hath more underſtanding. He thinks every man barren of Worth, that has not his tongue tipped with ſelfe-praiſe; and thoſe unacquainted with wit, that have not their fancies writ in their faces, perſpicuous to every Reader. He is mighty glad if he be in company with a fool, and thinks him his foyle, though indeed he be his Looking-glaſs. From the ruines of good Buildings he erects the *Babels* of his own conceit, and enriches his brain; which indeed is no other but a confuſion of Languages, where ſcarce one ſyllable underſtands another.

In

In the *Church* we muſt look for him in the higheſt Pew; but I am loth to ſtay his coming out, leſt he offend my ſtomack with ſome tedious Paraphraſe upon the Sermon; but there I leave him praying againſt a handſom Wife, leſt he be made a Cuckold; and againſt a witty Companion, leſt he be made a Coxcomb.

J. B.

The Character of a Humourist.

HIs principall humour shall be my excuse; that is, *inconstancy*; 'tis hard to draw his Picture, that will not settle his countenance; therefore expect it rather in a *Landskip* then *Statua*. He is unsetled both in his actions and opinions; which shews his *fancy* to predominate in him, rather then *judgement*; yet can it not be denied, but that he is master of a sound judge-

judgement, but he makes others, not himſelf the *ſubject* of it; being better able to inform others, then reform his life; and more able to *declaim* againſt others vices, then *reclaim* his own. His anger is more active then hot, rather ſcorching then burning; ſoon kindled, and as ſoon quencht. And though that man muſt needs make a ſtrange combuſtion in the State of his ſoul, that upon the landing of every *Cockboat* ſets the *Beacons* on fire; yet becauſe his Reaſon ſtands Centinell, 'tis rather a diſorder then a mutiny. *Vertue* he

more

more gazeth after then follows; or if he do follow, it is rather with his tongue then feet; chooſing to talk with her ſooner then walke after her; and prefers a dram of *Theoricks* before a pound of Practicks. At the *Game* of unlawfull Pleaſures he had rather be an *Actor* then a *Spectator*; ſeldom forſaking them till teeth-like he be forced to drop off through too much ſatiety. Melancholy he will be in the midſt of *mirth*; certainly when he and his ſerious thoughts meet together (for they are ſtrangers) they are excellent company.

Venus

Venus he esteems above all the seven Planets; but had rather worship her in a *Bawdy-house* then in any of the twelve *Celestiall Signes*. In his Materials he is a Gentleman; but Fortune hath cast him in the *City* Mould. No doubt but age will reclaim his unstay'dness; 'tis no great fault in a young Horse to use unreasonable mounting. To his friends he is rather formall then reall; apt to trust them with his person, not secrets. In a falling out of two friends, he will rather side with one, then bring both agreed; which is an

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Index of ſome indiſcretion; thereby he being ſure of two friends, to make one his enemy. He is no ſtranger to *Poetry*, which is Muſick in words; nor to Muſick, which is Poetry in ſound; yet rather makes them his Sauce then Meat. For *Logick*, which gives Speech ſubſtance; or *Rhetorick*, which gives it Beauty; or *Grammar*, which gives a Tongue to Speech it ſelf; he has only ta'ne a *curſory* view of the firſt of the three; but has ruminated on the two laſt. But leſt I make my Garment to big for the Body which I took meaſure of;

of; and being ſomething in haſte, I conclude with his own Proverb, *By---I cannot ſtay.*

J. B.

The

The Character of a FUDLER.

WE will onely take a curſory view of him as he is in *company*, being not yet ſo unhappy to know him farther; but we may gueſs at the bulk of *Hercules* by his foot. He is a confuſed lump moulded when Nature did all things in the dark; a *Cub* of the *Chaos* not lick'd into form, rowled from *Tavern* to *Tavern* onely to be drunk and laught at; where he

he *grunts* out words as ill-ſhap'd and groſs as his perſon; and if his ſpeeches do chance to quarrell, you muſt take them as they fall out. His body is built like *Babel*, but never with an intent to reach Heaven; the Workmen were confounded, and put Morter where Gold ſhould be. His ordinary Diſcourſe is only ſcurrility and profaneſs in a miſcellany, boyled together in huge quantities of *Sack*, which he carves to his friends as prime Dainties. Rather then his *Jeſts* ſhall want fire, he will light them at Gods Altar; and

and though a Conceit grow on the Banks of *Hell*, he will adventure to fetch it; not caring to gain his Conceit, though he lose his soul. In company he monopolizeth all the Discourse to himself; not regarding if his *tongue* keep on a gallop before, how far his *understanding* loyters behind. Sometimes his Wit stumbles on a Jest, as he that shoots thick, sometimes may hit; and then you will do him a great discourtesie, if you do not laugh; but the main body of his Discourse is a *Wild-goose chase* after some printed wit, which he can-

cannot catch. When he ſpeaks, 'tis not the motion of his tongue, but the rattling of his brains; and 'tis worth our wonder, that his belly ſhould be ſo full, and head ſo empty; but the fulneſs of the one is the emptineſs of the other. His belly, like the great Fiſh, eats up all the reſt of his limbs, yet his wit is as *fat* as that. He has ſpent much time in travell to learn to be an *Aſs*; all that he has ſeen is the *Tun* at *Heidelburgh*, which he ſtudies to imitate; and all that he hath brought away, is the exact manaſing of his *Fork* at Table:

ble. He walks in the ſtreets like a Rundlet of Sack on two poſts; and where'ere he goes, he carries a fool with him. His ſtudy is old Jeſts and Tales; his recreation, Drinking; and his main occupation is Wenching. But I fear I have been too long in his company; by this time he is drunk, 'tis time to leave him leſt he ſpue in our faces.

A Solicitor

IS one of the blades of *Corn* that ſprings from the *Iliack* ruines, whoſe *ears* grow up for the Harveſt of a *Pillory*. His Profeſſion is originally like a *Cuckow*, from the *Neſt* of another *Trade*; where he has learned wrangling and knavery enough in his own *Cauſes* to ſpoil another mans. With the ſweetned *Ingredients* of *City fraud* he compounds himſelf (though ſimple enough) for any villany.

He

He is truly said to *follow a Cause*; but a small Bribe will *lame* him so, that he will never come near it. He is one of *Sampson's* Foxes, that fires all about him; but that his fire is generally in his *nose*, as well as his *tail*. His ambition is so low, not to have his Chamber in an Inns of Court, but in an Ale-house of the City; a Tavern is his *forme*, and licking of Pots his *Law*. Most of his Actions are *Assaults*, or *Slanders*; which are broach'd where his Ale is, in a *Cellar*; and after a long circumstance, shuffles themselves where they began;

gun; where his foolish Client, being weary of his fruitless endless Suit, and repenting the idle expence of his Money for an Imaginary *Verdict*, called *getting the day*; like the *Chymist*, that blows away his *Silver* and *Lungs*, for that *Fools* (rather then *Philosophers*) Stone; do's by his wholsom advice, when his Money is spent, refer his Suit to *Arbitrators* and *Umpires*; whose Verdict is, after long debate; A Supper for themselves, at the equall charge of both Parties; That both must be sorry for what they have done (as they have

good

good cauſe) and ſit down by their loſſes. He ſeldom gets any conſiderable preferment, but among *Fiſh-wives* or *Watermen*, or in a *Countrey Village*, where all ſtand in awe of him, and ſlander him with the Title of *Maſter Lawyer*. *Ignorance* and *beggary* makes him reſolute, that he dares thruſt his head into any employment. At laſt, having run through the *Zodiack* of all Courts, if he ſcape the preferment of the Gallows, he caſts Anchor in a Goal, or a Bridewell; and there we leave him.

FINIS.